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The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

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EDITORIAL

APART from its obvious physical discomforts, there is something sinister about the month of July. It is the one month in the year when strange and enduring absurdities have been perpetrated. It is a month dedicated to those disturbing memories. On the 14th of July the French recall the fall of the Bastille. On the 12th of July the Northern Irish butcher the Papists because on that date the Battle of the Boyne was fought and Protestant William of Orange defeated James II of Scotland. The fact that the Vatican was illuminated to celebrate the actual defeat of James does not diminish the enthusiasm with which Orangemen conspew their Catholic fellow-citizens. Even in America, we are informed, there is some sort of celebration on the 4th of July, to commemorate a rebellion. July is obviously a troublesome month. Not content with choosing it for their first revolution, the French even went so far as to choose it, in 1830, for their last attempt at a monarchy. July in Sarajevo, in 1914, also proved to be a somewhat upsetting moment in the calendar.

Curiously enough, the ominous connotations of July have escaped the attention of all civic and military authorities. For reasons known only to themselves, these people arbitrarily select May as the month in which revolutionary disturbances are to be expected. Because the workers of the world unite on the first day of that month to deprive themselves of a day's wages and *to march up and down, all God-fearing* people get anxious and excited on the 30th of April. For generations we have been assured that May 1 is coming, but that the authorities have the situation well in hand. It would be much more reasonable to assure us on June 30 that July was at hand, but that steps had been taken to obviate the recurrence of those deplorable incidents in the past which various nations proposed to celebrate in the course of that month.

This failure to realize the dire possibilities of July, as distinct from May, was well illustrated in 1914, when the untutored Serb started the World War just when everybody was away at the seaside. Had he done his work on May 1, the entire world would have been in readiness for the imaginary revolution which is annually expected on that day. Modern bathing habits have tended to obscure the true significance of July as a month propitious to disturbances. We have come to assume that, because nobody is in town after the end of June, nothing untoward can happen. It is true that the heat is so unpleasant that only the more fanatic would care to exert themselves. But revolutions and so forth *are* the work of fanatics, people, that is, who have the insolence, as Anatole France put it, to believe in something sufficiently to die for it. To be sure, just as dogs get rabies in July and have to be muzzled or shot, it may well be that it is precisely the heat of July which explains those regrettable outbreaks in the past which are being celebrated this month.

For our own part, while the heat of the city does not induce in us symptoms of rabies, the terrors of the search for coolth have frequently aroused in us something approaching madness. It is, to say the least, somewhat exasperating to find that people who cannot stay in town because of the heat waste their time in the country or at the seashore burning in the sun. Nobody is angrier than the person who has fled from New York to get cool when it actually turns out to be cloudy and chilly at Bar Harbor, Newport, or Siasconset, Mass. Clearly, the human mind is affected by the heat, to the detriment of logic, during this awful month. Women, who are notoriously more practical and realistic than men, also surrender to midsummer madness and devote weeks to defacing themselves in such fashion that they are not fit to be seen in décolleté until January. The very sea air is contaminated by the oil sizzling between sunburnt shoulder-blades.

In view of the fact that July has lately been abandoned as the season for wars and revolutions—even the World War did not get properly under way until August and September—would it not be simpler to admit that the month has lost its *raison d'être*? There is no reason for staying in town, and there is nothing whatever to do in the country, unless it be to try to get warm. In earlier and simpler days our rude forefathers were apparently impervious to heat and, with the ingenuousness of that lamentable 1914 Serb, selected July for their higher flights of statesmanship. But we have changed all that. July is the closed season for shooting governments. The very proletarians themselves feel that there is a time and a place for everything. They function on May 1. Nobody really cares to do things out of season. Let us, therefore, solemnly resolve to obliterate July from the calendar, as it is in fact removed from the serious activities of life. There should be a nameless period of aestivation, when mankind quietly retires from the scene. Labor Day might appropriately be the next date on the calendar. Despite its name, it would then be a signal for rejoicing.

CRACKER-BARREL EDUCATION

by JEAN TEMPLE

Author, "Glass Over Flower," "The Crystal Tree," "Blue Ghost: A Biography of Lafcadio Hearn"; quondam teacher in the Walden and Modern Schools.

ANY intellectually sophisticated person would regard the average high-school faculty meeting as so many grizzled wiseacres around the red-hot heater of a country store; in a community, let us say, which has by some mischance been isolated for an indefinite time, without newspapers or telephone and radio communication. There is not one of these meetings in my own school—and I am currently teaching in a very good New York one—during which some Elder Cato does not rise, be it in trousers or skirts, to denounce the puling weakness of the new generation.

Now, I would be the last person to give up a single one of the senatorial distinctions conferred upon those of us who will never see forty again, namely, dignity, good taste and a sense of what is rather vaguely called "the racial heritage." But the cordial exchange of benefits between me and my pupils has been in inverse ratio to the years which have blessed us. In return for two or three good laughs a week and an introduction to what one of them wittily calls "the meaner minor poems" of Hilton, they have taught me the difference between a joy stick and a joss stick, and the thrill of picking up Borneo with an amateur set. And the more sensitive among them can write better sonnets than I may ever hope to. This has just been disconcertingly proven by having three of these accepted for publication in a coming anthology by the same mail which left me with another rejection slip . . . and that, I submit, is enough to start self-questioning even in a Roman senator.

Of the two hundred pupils with whom I come into daily contact, at least thirty per cent are the mentally unfit, who, under present legislation, must be forcibly exposed to the racial heritage till they are seventeen. Of the others, a bare ten per cent will ever emerge into leadership. They are the youngsters with a double blessing of brains and opportunity. The sixty per cent left represent a fair cross-section of the average American folk of the next generation, who must worry along as best they may, and the devil take the hindmost. It is with these that I am concerned here.

I would speak first of their major interests. These youths looking down their noses from behind heavy-rimmed spectacles have only a passing concern with girls. Sex has been de-bunked, despite Clark Gable, and relegated to the place of a tolerated reflex. They are thrilled to the centre no longer by girls but by sports, planes, radios, streamline motors and the fair gleam of chromium against the blue. And most of all, perhaps, by that ray from Arcturus which opened the Century of Progress in Chicago and by all that it stands for. The post-war tradition of flaming youth is a thing of the past. And what I find it hardest to forgive the venerable female Cato, when she rises majestically and looks with an irate eye at the assembled senators, is her failure to grasp the fact that, with these youngsters, the biological compulsion of sex is peripheral to their real interests. When it is shorn completely of romance it can indeed be nothing else. I have a boy in one class who has already taken up a plane alone three times. And from that heady vantage, he has in some ways seen further than I may ever expect to.

Coming to the girls, there is not one of them who does not know more about birth control than I knew at thirty. And in a social chaos from which we can only extricate ourselves by a sane and planned birth control, who shall say that this is not to the good? Looking at these young girls, you will find them fresh and winsome. Lipstick is by and large gone down to magenta nail polish and, as one woman teacher put it, who knows where it will be next? However, you will find it very difficult to believe that the percentage of virginity is as low as the group in the country store would have us believe. I submit that in any case it is not ascertainable and is irrelevant. They are smart, competent, self-sufficient and charming. And what would you? They will read the last romance of a writer of trash with keen zest, and review it for you with an uncanny shrewdness and insight that dismisses it at once. Seeing their lovely young bodies moving graciously and decorously through the dance, I have small fear for my own two little daughters, who will be growing up soon, and for whom the swimming meet and the basket-ball game will have at least an equal interest with that in the opposite sex.

While, in the adult world, that entity known as "the modern mind," with its known dislocations and its kaleidoscopic possibilities, is an accepted fact, on the school plane there would seem to be no recognition of such a phenomenon. Yet these youthful minds, which have been largely moulded by the radio and motion picture, and for whom time and space do not exist, present in some of their most subtle and brilliant aspects the replacements and revaluations of this, our age.

For those of us whose business it is to supplement the influence of the radio and motion picture, there should be a conscious effort to vitalize our subject matter in terms of modern life. Yet, in our school conferences, we sit with long faces about the cracker and molasses barrels of sexual morality, thrift, the work-your-way-up delusion and all the other catch-words of an outdated culture—while with polite efforts to conceal their amused boredom our young folk yawn behind their hands. For time has been swift with them and they are wise beyond their years. You cannot fool them.

This is a fact which it is completely beside the point either to deplore or to approve. It is a *fait accompli* which we must confront. But you will do these young people a grave injustice if you think them without ideals. For one thing, they have seen too many war pictures to be anxious to pinion themselves on a barbed-wire fence in No Man's Land when they hear a spirited military march. They have a grave sense of humanity, because the dimensions of their world have been so fantastically increased. And because they have lived through the frightful years of the depression, some of them with gnawing bellies and thinly shod feet, you will find in them a passionate questioning which is the finest achievement of which the human being is capable.

We must give them much more than the elfin whimsicalities of Sir James Barrie. For Peter Pan is no more. He died in the first year of the depression.

RAW EGGS AND REALISM

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

THE reputed decline in the popularity of stevedore fiction should reduce the listings in the Stud Book of American authors, thus freeing several brawny writers from any further compulsion to prove their virility to a large and increasingly skeptical audience.

There was a sainted time when authors wrote vicariously and their creative equipment alone concerned critics and the public. Exceptions existed, of course, for only the survival of the Byronic legend would have explained Halliburton's vogue with inhibited women. But on the whole an author's private life was deemed no more interesting than a monk's and it was intellectual vigor rather than sexual potency that distinguished the literary titans.

Years ago the inquisitive prodded Arnold Bennett about his "Pretty Lady" and George Moore's spoofing about his own love life provoked mild interrogation, but the inferences were romantic, even lyrical. When Oscar Wilde's profligacy was discussed there was well-bred confusion about the exact *modus operandi* that landed him in Reading Gaol, so that my grandfather, forced to answer juvenile questions, growled: "Oh, he ate babies!" and I was reared with the horrible suspicion that cannibalism was the last resort of over-wrought genius.

In any event, my generation thought literature was produced by brain cells rather than by the gonads, that is, until we had read "The Sun Also Rises" and changed our minds. It was Ernest Hemingway's misfortune to be identified with his hero, one anatomically deficient, by readers who decide—with frequent justification—that first novels are embarrassingly autobiographical. Only the the wide advertisement of a doctor's affidavit could have checked this unwarranted assumption, but authors are sadly deficient in the art of public relations. It appeared fairly certain after a lapse of several years that Mr. Hemingway was determined to refute any and all rumors which implied that he was anything less than America's Number One stallion.

He did not stop with the brief vehemence of the unjustly accused. A minor annoyance was magnified until it became a celebrated cause and he launched a furious crusade on behalf of the vanishing race of he-men. As if to stem the counter-attack of the epicene English light fiction brigade he marshalled his forces, detailing Lieutenants Callaghan and Caldwell to active duty, and began the greatest offensive in our time against literary sissies.

Without subscribing seriously to Freudian postulates, average readers everywhere soon sensed that wish-fulfilment trouble was the psychic malady afflicting the younger realists. Excessive protestation began to look suspicious; braggadocio replaced reticence; publisher's blurbs and photographs reinforced the opinion that bulging biceps must be concomitant to pen pushing. One reached the distressing conclusion that literature had become the province of longshoremen and lumberjacks. Virility produced violence. Violence begat books. Sturdy writers delivered knockouts between covers. The gymnasium replaced the study in the exercise of the creative function and celibacy was as justly despised as plagiarism.

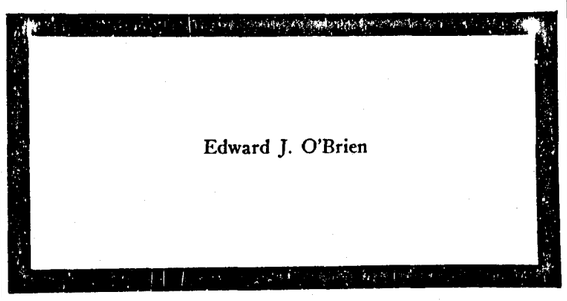
The authors' vaunted virility was soon reflected in their all too subjective fiction, so that we have been surfeited with books populated almost entirely with hard-drinking, swift-slugging, tough-bellied men and the sort of women who could accommodate their lusts and lunges. Robust realism relied for its effects upon sexual potency and acute alcoholism, but the writers in their frenzied zeal to portray concupiscence on a heroic scale betrayed their essential innocence. Through ignorance of effects they romanticized their roughnecks—and, of course, themselves.

Speculative readers wondered how some of their heroes were able to drag themselves from one chapter to the next without such elixirs as salvarsan and argyrol. They were compelled to fill in the pictures: en route to cirrhosis of the liver, paranoia and locomotor ataxia they supplied a necessary Niagara of bicarbonate, torrents of matutinal Vichy and twilights lurid with the shakes.

Outside of fiction the human constitution is not impervious to spirochetes, toxins and decay, yet our realistic novelists—were their grosser characters to be credible—would have to corner the available endocrine market for them and supply the brutes with all-metal, non-corrosive, gastro-intestinal tracts in order to give them a life-span of twenty-six chapters.

This they have failed to do, and their failure may account, in some measure, for the unconvincing core of the wenching sagas, the ultra-clinical pseudo-pathologies and tepid romances carbonated with false sophistication. It may explain, too, why discriminating readers together with physicians and psychologists exhibit some testiness when they encounter further manifestations of childish symptoms in current literature that might otherwise be distinguished. The yearning for masculinity, for proud phallic conquest, rightfully belongs to dreamy adolescence. Most men outgrow it after experiment has taught them that occasional forbearance and not raw eggs is the secret of the successful amorist.

Naïve races have always invented gods whose appetites and vigor happily exceeded their own, and literary sucklings are not much different to-day. But while aspiration is wholesome enough and none can deny even to authors their right to barrel-chests or month-long roistering, the hope is current that their articulate preoccupation with their own libidos is at an end.



THE CRIMINAL LAWYER

by LEONARD ROWE

Of the Cincinnati, Ohio, Bar

IF John Milton's lofty poetic mission was to "justifie the wayes of God to men," then the high function of the criminal lawyer is to justify the ways of thieves and murderers to men.

The law strives to protect the state from the criminal; the lawyer strives to protect the criminal from the state. The criminal plunders society, risking his precious neck in the process; a modicum of sportsmanship thus colors his exploits. The lawyer, lacking the criminal's boldness and enterprise, ravages society by the indirect and safer means of sharing his client's booty; in more polite parlance, charging him a fee—a fee as large as the traffic will bear.

The business of both the criminal and his legal champion is equally anti-social and predatory. But, whereas the criminal has at least sufficient honesty and humor to look realistically and with disenchanted eyes upon his vocation, the lawyer obscenely affects ethical postures and professional dignities about *his*. And he would be shocked if he were told that his prostituted zeal in behalf of swindlers, cut-throats and blackguards is at variance with his lofty pretensions. Even then, he would find volumes of legalistic casuistry and juristic dialectics to justify his foul traffic with society's despoilers.

The criminal lawyer exemplifies an extreme instance of high talents perverted to base uses. His counterpart in civilized society would be an engineer who blows up his country's bridges, or a physician who inoculates whole communities with the plague.

MIDSUMMER KOSHER

by RICHARD LAWRENCE

THE sun is very red and very hot as it slips off behind the hills. The heat from it still shimmers in the air even after the direct light has slanted far up into the sky. Dark shadows gather in the hollows, and the streets are gloomy under the large elms and maples. Lights begin to slash the darkness of kitchen windows and of rooms in violently painted hotels.

Dishes are pushed into dirty water; they rattle against tin sinks and chipped pans. The smell of kosher cooking fills the air. Garbage cans are open and greasy refuse is slopped into them.

The air is hot and keeps the odors. In a cellar, a chicken squawks and flutters its wings. A rabbi is working.

People are coming from dining rooms. Fat people, most of them sick. Their hands are greasy and they have spilled food on themselves. These people are clerks and store-owners and salesmen and shop girls and house-wives. They have come to the mountains for their health; most of them. Some have come for a rest and to escape the heat of the city; some to marry off their daughters; some to be seen; some to make deals. All have come to get out of the Bronx for the summer, and to drink the mineral waters.

Some take the mineral baths. They do not change their clothes. And they wear green shirts with red ties, or purple dresses with pink and yellow stripes.

All of them want to reduce, or patch up their stomachs, or calm their livers. They drink water—tons of it—and sit all day in wicker chairs lined straight on the hotel porches. They eat oranges and throw the peels into the street.

Then they struggle out of their chairs and walk slowly, painfully, to the drink hall for their water. They walk in groups, blocking the paths. Their names are Ida and Abie and Old Testament. But Ida and Abie are just names and do not distinguish between the fat lady with orange hair and flat nose and the withered ancient whose bald head is covered with a matted wig and a dirty shawl. New names fit every Ida and Abie.

"Vasser" either "culd" or "meejum" waits behind the long white counter in the drink hall. It waits, and at last the crowds begin to come. Old drinkers and new ones. Dawn comes in a dazzling glow of fiery red hair and gold teeth. Lashes, with a puckered mouth and a pale face scarred by pox, walks behind heavy lids that look like long bristles from a brush. Tank rumbles awkwardly across the floor in a camouflage of pink silk and heavy corsets; the ribs of the corsets stand out beneath the cloth. Stick carries his knotted self in his hands, and Brook babbles cracked and endlessly, like Tennyson.

But always and punctually, Napoleon comes into the old barn of a hall. He walks across the stone floor that crouches low under the ceiling, and approaches the counter with its ugly green bottles. Napoleon with his hat turned up and his chin thrust down. He drinks Hathorn No. 2 at night to show his defiance of the world. He says it never works, and nobody believes him. But he talks. He is a great man, this Napoleon from the Bronx. He stands unmoved in the crush of bellies.

Bellies! Large ones like wine casks, and small ones like watermelons. Sudden ones, ones that seem to hesitate. Hundreds of them, jiggling and shaking and bouncing and hanging and bobbing, and crushing and crowding and squeezing. Fat everywhere. God, for a skeleton!

Bodies crush against the frail wooden counter at the far end of the room. Bottles are opened hastily and water splatters on the floor. Bottle from the shelf; cap in opener. Twisting! Water foaming up sparkling, clear, free flowing. Foaming into a silver glass; deep, cool, glinted with light. A hand: dirty nails, scarlet and jagged like an open cut. A silver glass to a sticky lip; a sucking under a sweaty nose. Water stretching a flabby cheek, jiggling a hanging neck. The palm of a hand crossing a fat, puffy slit. A mouth exhaling goose-grease and carp.

Then again smelling clothes and the slow urge of flesh. A roar and clatter rises from the crowd. Hands raised in argument, or swung wide in explanation, stick up here and there above the mass. The air grows hotter.

Someone drops a bottle, and a stirring of bodies makes room. Then the mass moves together again. Soon the glass is

(*Continued on Page 2, Col. 1*)

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MIDSUMMER KOSHER

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

trampled under heavy feet and the loud laughter and shrieks go on. The Bronx makes raucous remarks about the laxative waters and plans to fool Mr. Blum with some.

Two women drink Geyser water and laugh loudly when they have belched. Everyone's eyes water. Some eyes haven't been washed, and dirt runs out. Mascara streaks, too.

Pounding somewhere. There is too much noise. And too much fat.

Then Napoleon comes in, and he has no fat. He squeezes through to the counter. Hat up in front and down in back. Chin thrust down, and Hathorn No. 2. Defiant. Around Napoleon individuals commence to cluster. Napoleon breaks the sea!

Two fat women waddle to the counter. One is old; the other indefinitely any age. They want vasser. "Vat kind? Who knows? Vat iss diss about Hattorn? Laxatif, you say? Oi, and vat does dat mean?!" One turns, puzzled, to the other. "Dat, mama, means dat anyone can drink it."

Through the gate come four rabbis. They wear black round hats and long shiny black coats and black slippers. Their faces are hidden in whiskers. They walk mechanically, effortlessly. A small boy with gloomy eyes walks behind them as they go to the farthest corner of the room, where they draw chairs together and sit in a circle. Then they talk heatedly.

The small boy orders the water for them. He makes three trips carrying the bottles. Suddenly something awful happens. A man with blue eyes, straight white teeth, and a green necktie comes up out of the crush of flesh. He looks puzzled—a bit frightened—and says nothing when the White Coat takes his ticket and asks him what he wants. He takes out a handkerchief to mop his forehead. "My God," he exclaims, "I expected you to talk Yiddish too."

II

A fat lady wants something for indigestion. She drinks and then belches. That makes her feel better, and she finds someone she knows. They gesticulate wildly and squeal as they greet each other. Then they are swallowed up.

One man has "heart boin." Another wants to get rid of high blood pressure; and his wife's got a "goider." She's so fat it doesn't show.

A fight breaks out in one corner of the hall. Feet scuffle on the stone. Someone spits, and sticky saliva spatters on an evening gown. Fat hands sink into sweaty cheeks. A man's glasses are shattered in his eyes, and blood drips from his face. His clothes are stained. He shouts. Someone throws water, and words rocket up out of the roar of voices. A cop comes and takes away three men. Everyone shouts at the cop, and some spit at him. "Vy you don't mind your business?" shouts one of the men.

The man with the green necktie speaks to the White Coat behind the counter. "Where the hell did you put the Irishman I seen here ten years ago?" he asks. The noise of the crowd drowns out the answer.

Then comes a noise from the gate, and everything suddenly is still. It is a woman. She is Ida, the great Jewish actress, the [illegible] of the Yiddish stage. She is seventy-two and she looks it. She dresses like a girl.

She makes a good entrance as she walks down the path cleared for her. Her figure is mature but not old and sunken, and her clothes would look well if they were neat. Powder is [illegible] on her shoulder. It looks messy.

Her dress is wine-colored and it clashes with the other dresses in the room. Dresses are bright red and green, yellow and scarlet, orange and dirty white, and glaring purples and golds and silvers and ugly half-castes clashing and blinding in disorder. Stains show under arms and on hems. Colors; and the little circle of black that is the rabbis in the corner.

It is Ida's face that tells most plainly her age. She tries to cover it with a heavy coat of powder and paint. It doesn't work. Her lips look tired and her chin is old.

Ida is dramatic still, and her hands are tragic with their ugly veins. She smiles as she asks for some water. But then she raises her clenched hand against her head. She is worried; she is tired. And the crowd stirs as it realizes that it is getting something quite free.

Ida says "thank you" as she takes her water and turns to a table. Her face is covered white, and her hair is golden like a child's. And she smells of cheap perfume.

Ida is old, but she shows her great vitality as a crowd gathers at her table and listens to her talking. Her voice is harsh and gutteral. It scratches and rasps like a phonograph with a worn needle. She tells jokes, and everyone who can hear laughs and looks at his neighbor to see if he appreciates the joke. Then he tells it to those who could not hear, and it goes even to the back of the large group of tables around which the crowd drinks. But the rabbis stay aloof in a closed circle.

Ida is not always joking. Soon there comes that tired gesture, and she asks about her age. What is it in the theatre? Why should she leave the stage because she is getting older? Is her face too old now to act? Should she forsake her public because she is older? The crowd answers as it should, and Ida sighs as she sees she is still safe.

The crowd stays with Ida and she drinks and talks. A fat mother brings her daughter to Ida and asks if she would not be fine for the stage. And Ida says with a gesture, "Bah! No!"

A woman in the crowd smiles at a young man. But the man sees only Ida. Ida with her made-up face, her young clothes, her hard eyes, her scarlet lips, her little feet, her golden hair. Ida holds the stage.

A woman tells her that she looks like a little doll. Ida looks pleased. Then she asks to be alone and the crowd scatters hastily.

It is getting late and the crowd has grown smaller. The lights are being dimmed. Suddenly Ida looks very feeble, and her face sinks beneath its mask. Ida alone, without her audience, is very old, and somehow ridiculous and lovable with her powder and her rouge and her young clothes.

The woman smiles at the man as the lights grow dimmer; they get up and leave; she clinging to his arm, he looking back, amazed, at Ida so withered and old.

Someone somewhere is laughing, but the air is stale.

Outside a breeze has sprung up and the stars are clear in the sky between the trees.

For Minister to the Republic of Lebanon in 1937: EDWARD A. FILENE.

For Minister to the Republic of Estonia in 1937: NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

IN JUSTICE TO JONAH

by BRANCH CABELL

THE notion survives among us, Jonah, that you were treated a bit unconscionably in high quarters. Yet, if you also feel that your Employer displayed a certain instability—not here to call it obtuseness,—or that He evaded His share of a bargain which, if not ever formally ratified, was at least a moral obligation, nevertheless may you rest content, now that time has avenged you, very prodigally.

You had sought in all possible ways, as one recalls your story, to avoid the sad honor of becoming a celestial envoy to announce the impending destruction of Nineveh. You were haled back from your attempted evasion; embarked upon the most famous sea voyage in history; and compelled to deliver a prophecy of which both your philanthropy and your common-sense disapproved. Thereafter the people of Nineveh retired each family to their own ash-heap, and piously sat down upon it. Your Employer (drawing, one infers, some natural conclusions as to the mental gifts which prompted this special form of worship) decided not to plague any further "a city wherein are more than sixscore persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle." Upon this abrupt, this oddly bucolic note, your story ends; and you vanish from human knowledge after having been discredited by your mutable-minded Employer.

In this fashion were you compelled to set up unwillingly as a prophet, and forthwith deprived of all future prospects as a prophet. It is not recorded that you had ever foretold anything before your enforced *faux pas* in dealing with Nineveh: it is self-evident that when the destruction of this city failed to take place as announced, you could no longer hope to be regarded seriously as a soothsayer. Your reputation, as must beyond any doubt have been made plain to you by your aunts and your cousins, was destroyed utterly.

Yet, in the odd way these things fall about, your reputation has survived. Your name is familiar above that of any other prophet; and your fame thrives handsomely, if but as a simile. Jeremiah and Daniel one esteems to be your sole rivals among the prophets of the house of Jacob, and they are very far outdistanced. We may yet speak, upon rare occasions, of a "jeremiad"; and those of us who have cultivated no wholesome horror of the cliché may refer now and again, without incurring any fit punishment, to "a Daniel come to judgment." But daily does somebody describe this or the other acquaintance, or it may be himself, as "a Jonah." By so generous a margin is Jonah, the son of Amittai, made the most celebrated of the prophets of Israel "where fame most lives, even in the mouths of men."

It would no doubt surprise you to learn that when the unthinking refer to you in this manner they appraise you as synonymous with a being unblest, and ill-starred, and unlucky in every chance-taking, or, in fine, as we would say, "hoodooed." With "a Jonah" (for so very strangely do giddyheads and simple Simons misinterpret your story) the worst always does come to the worst; and his one possible avenue of escape is to jump from the frying-pan into the fire. Which means, in other terms, that "a Jonah" is born with a wooden ladle in his mouth, and lives in perpetual hot water, with a hornet's nest or two always about his ears; so that he finds the ground crumbling under his feet in the while he goes rapidly to the dogs, on his very last legs. That, Sir, in the Oriental profusion of metaphor which your profession favored, is what the unreflective mean by "a Jonah."

So is it that we cling to our human habit of misconstruing most matters, and make of you, who were thrice-blessed among the men of old time, a synonym for calamity. That outcome appears astounding; but it remains true, in the teeth of your never-failing, your almost incredible good luck, over which the considerate yet marvel. Did you happen, for example, to go overboard at sea? Out of the many millions who have met that fate, for you alone a great fish was in attendance to see that you suffered no hurt. It is rumored, I admit, that your good fortune in this respect was once equalled by Arion, a Greek music maker, and yet again by a Hanoverian raconteur, one Baron Munchausen; but neither of these gentry has back of him the supreme authority of Holy Writ.

So too, through your ever-present good luck, was your sole essay in prophecy a flat failure. That failure, as the wise see it, was for you a peculiar if a bit blasphemous triumph, in that from the first you had not believed in the destruction of Nineveh, whatsoever your Employer might believe; and in that you alone put no faith in the prophecy which you delivered under supernal compulsion. I do not find that mortal skepticism ever went farther, or was rewarded more pleasantly. For in the end you turned out to have been right all along; and you were allowed the prized human pleasure of remarking to your Employer, "Was not this my saying when I was yet in my own country?"—or, as we would translate it, more modernly, "Well, but didn't I tell You so?"

The question, in so far as we know, was not answered. Indeed, one does not see how it could have been, except with some illogical, if familiar, repartee in the form of leprosy or of lightning.

But above all, Jonah your never-failing good luck served you most handsomely in that you were the one prophet who was permitted to retire from the dreary vocation of prophesying. One infers so, at least, since there was clearly no point to entrusting you with any further celestial messages after your public discrediting by Heaven. Before another prophecy by Jonah, the doubting would but have exchanged their doubts for snickers. Obviously, you must have been authorized to settle down in some more congenial pursuit; and to do that was all clear gain for a sociable person of your trouble-shunning disposition. Prophets might be looked up to and respected, with something of the uneasy deference which we accord to Commissioners of Internal Revenue; but prophets could hardly hope to be popular or much sought after. Their official forecasts of the future were too depressing; their standards of propriety were not the sort of thing to which well-bred Canaanites were accustomed; and their language turned far too readily toward tropes such as, in any mixed gathering, must be regarded as an embarrassing social blunder.

So I do not imagine that Isaiah and Amos and Ezekiel, or any other of those extreme faddists, were asked out a great deal, or that their private lives were of a particularly happy nature. To be the wife of a Hebrew prophet, I suspect, was not an enviable lot,—nor, indeed, had the poor woman any chance to bring up her children in a proper state of biological ignorance. And I am certain that you, Jonah, were the most lucky of all the prophets in that you failed completely at outset, and were thus rescued from a profession in which no philanthropic or peace-loving person could hope to find real contentment.

For the rest, if at odd times in your later life some bitterness rankled when you thought over the contretemps in which you had been involved willy-nilly, you would nowadays, I think, incline to overlook the affair magnanimously. In fact I am afraid that, knowing everything, you would grin. For the method employed to coerce you has turned out to be a strategic blunder of prime and perpetual importance. I refer, of course, to that great fish in whose belly you were incarcerated, and set to psalm-making.

Your fish, Jonah (as I fear, in the current state of human nature, it would rejoice you to learn) has been the unfailing delight of irreverence, and the mainstay of the village atheist, for a huge number of centuries. The half-educated everywhere have declined to swallow your fish, quite as resolutely as they have declined to stop talking about your fish. As in metaphor you outrank your compeers, so among all creatures of the deep is your great fish the most famous—and especially with those persons who have followed after you (if but at a considerable distance) in skepticism. Voltaire has made superb play with your fish; with Thomas Paine also was your fish a familiar pet; and your fish frolicked constantly among the torrents of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's eloquence.

But I desist here from any vain cataloguing of your disciples in unbelief: it is beyond arithmetic to estimate how many over-rational persons have gagged daily at Jonah's fish. I would but assure you, Jonah, that if there be any topic of which your Employer has very long ago wearied, and before which, it is conceivable, He colors up rather, it must be that great fish which in a misguided moment He borrowed from Babylonian mythology, and sent to include you. That He regrets the entire affair, there can be no possible doubt, now that this fish has so far parted with every piscine attribute as to become a thorn in the side of the devout, a stumbling-block for the feet of the convert, and a pea-shooter in the ever nimble hands of agnosticism.

In imagination, O son of Amittai, I can see you weighing the outcome of your ichthyological jailing. By the beard of the prophet your grin is not hidden to an extent quite consistent with utter politeness. And I infer that of your Employer you are perhaps asking, yet again, "Well, but didn't I tell You so?"

LITERARY WINCHELLIANA

FRENCH writers won't write for American periodicals unless they are paid bigger rates than American writers. La Belle France! . . . Few remember that Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the *Daily News*, the New York tabloid, years ago wrote three of the most revolutionary plays that the American stage of the time had known: "The Fourth Estate," which ripped up the newspapers; "The Little Brother of the Rich," which lambasted American society; and "Rebellion," a realistic study of certain phases of Catholicism . . . Sinclair Lewis' favorite detective story writer is Francis Iles . . . The book reviewers dismissed Wallace Smith's "Bessie Cotter" much too contemptuously. It is the most accurate picture of an old-time American bordello that has yet appeared in print . . . What New York evening newspaper's circulation is now less than that of a country newspaper in a town of 50,000 population? . . . These great scrivening authorities on wines! In her tome on the subject, "Bacchus Behave!", Alma Whitaker speaks of "Clos de Voget," and further states that "connoisseurs will tell you that a champagne less than twenty years old is unfit for human consumption." . . . Theodore Dreiser is being sought after by the movie people for "Sister Carrie," but will not release the screen rights unless they pay through the proboscis. If they are willing to dole out $50,000 for Broadway tripe, he rightly argues, "Sister Carrie" should bring a handsome wad . . . Henry Hazlitt is now on the editorial staff of the New York *Times* . . . Henry Goddard Leach, editor of *The Forum*, is the only magazine editor in America who is hot stuff on skis . . . Robert Bridges, of *Scribner's Magazine*, is the most proficient mixer of rum cocktails in the metropolitan literary world . . . Why did the *Saturday Review of Literature* bowdlerize Emily Clark's admirable essay on Thomas Beer? It was originally swell stuff . . . What New York evening newspaper had to give each of its two department store advertisers 100,000 reprints of their advertisements gratis (for throw-a-ways) in order to persuade them into its ad pages? . . . Sherwood Anderson's dramatization of his "Winesburg, Ohio" will be produced on Broadway this coming season . . . Henry Luce, editor of *Time*, soberly laments the fact that no American writers are good business men . . . Sean O'Casey may come to America in October for the première of his "Within the Gates." He has had various lucrative offers to lecture, but is still undecided . . . *Collier's* is having a hard time finding satisfactory short short stories and is ready to lay out good money for usable ones . . . Ray Long, former editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, who is now living in Beverly Hills, California, says he wouldn't undertake another New York magazine editing job for the French debt . . . Although Carl Van Vechten has sworn that he is through with writing, another book may be expected from him before two more years pass . . . H. G. Wells wears the hardest boiled evening shirts ever seen on an Englishman . . . Frank Swinnerton has been ailing . . . H. W. Nevinson is sore about his treatment by certain highbrow American periodicals and refuses to write for them any more . . . F. Scott Fitzgerald is getting much plumper but still has the edge as the handsomest scribbler who ever came from St. Paul . . . Hitler, like Liam O'Flaherty, doesn't answer letters . . . The Irish Academy of Letters has no button or ribbon to distinguish its members . . . The editors of *The American Spectator* got somewhat swizzled one night last week and didn't feel so good the next day, or the day after that, for that matter . . . Helen Brown, of the *Vanity Fair* staff, is the pick of New York's editorial brunettes . . . Blondes will kindly present themselves for critical inspection at *The American Spectator* offices on July 2, from 10:30 A. M. to 1:15 P. M. . . . William C. Lengel, associate editor of *Liberty*, is accent-deaf and cannot distinguish a Georgia drawl from a Connecticut twang . . . Denis Johnston's "A Bride For The Unicorn" (he wrote "The Moon In The Yellow River") has some very tropical stuff in it . . . Publishers are fond of believing that reprints of magazine articles can't sell in book form and, when they get an original book from a magazine writer, advertise that "not one line of this book has ever been published in a magazine," yet Alex Woollcott's "While Rome Burns," made up of magazine reprints, is a big best seller . . . Louis Bromfield wears colored silk handkerchiefs with his evening clothes . . . Jim Tully has completed his book on the vanished order of yeggs. Its title is "Set a Thief" . . . Lee F. Hartman, editor of *Harper's Magazine* and Moselle wine bibber, is in Albion scouting for manuscripts . . . James Stephens, who once wrote books, now has an American Maecenas who keeps him from writing and all his old friends . . . The wife of H. R. Lenormand, the French dramatist who has lately been visiting among us, had to translate the official French translation of Shaw's "Saint Joan"! . . .

FIDDLE LESSONS FOR BENNY

by CARL MOLDREM

MY first insight into the more intimate problems of music-teaching came to me one morning early in my career at the Boston studio of a well-known pianist whom I was visiting.

There came to see him a young Jewish woman with her eight-year-old boy, a prospective pupil. She was a penniless widow, but her Joseph (happily in these circumstances) was—she believed—a piano prodigy of uncommon calibre. Unfortunately his last teacher had gone back to the Old Country, and Joseph required a new instructor; it had to be on a scholarship basis.

An audition showed more than average musical ability, and my friend agreed to give the boy two lessons a week gratis. Alas, this generous offer did not suffice. The lad's mother was dissatisfied.

"How are we going to live in the meantime?" she demanded.

Her idea of a suitable scholarship included the support of both mother and son. To this parent of a gifted child, art should be, evidently, not only gratis, but a definite subsidy.

Since that day I have taught perhaps six hundred children (most of them Jewish, but also Scandinavians, Irish, Italian, Spanish, Cubans, etc.) to play the violin. Though I have yet to encounter so sweet an experience as that related, I have come to some disconcerting conclusions concerning the reasons various parents buy musical training for their young.

The chief reasons for bringing young sons and daughters to the music studio seem to be three in number:

First: To make the child into an infant "prodigy," or a movie actor capable of making a lot of money.

Second: To make the tiny one into a credit and joy to the household; to see him a brighter star than someone else's child; and to render him capable of entertaining "company," thus reflecting credit on the manner in which his parents have made sacrifices for him.

Third: The vague idea that it is a parent's "duty" to give a child a touch of the gentle arts.

Perhaps just one-tenth of the children who have been brought to me for fiddle lessons have been brought for the purpose of commencing a rounded artistic development for their own satisfaction and future happiness.

For more than twenty years I have been in a position to observe the attitudes of mothers toward their young; more particularly since my pupils are so young (I do not accept them over six), and because my system of instruction requires the attendance of a parent. I have seen children beaten unmercifully "for their own good," in the cause of making them "artists." I have watched youngsters of three and four suffer indignities which, were they old enought to understand the cause of them, they could never forgive.

During the time I was training the Hollywood Baby Orchestra, I received not less than two to three hundred inquiries every day from parents, asking how their babies could be made into movie stars and musicians, as mine were. I never answered these letters but, if I had, my answer would have been to the effect that I was not concerned with teaching youngsters to make money for their parents; and that every one of the children for whose training I was responsible and who made concert or movie appearances was put there by his parents and not by me.

I have more than one pupil (and remember, the oldest is six!) whose routine day includes not only a fiddle lesson, but also instruction in dancing, piano, drawing, radio technique (!), singing and recitation. Surely even the most unimaginative parent can see that while such a routine may produce a prodigy, it is certainly not conducive to a child's well-being as a physical and emotional individual. The movies and the concert platform seem to have made some parents talent-mad.

In its least aggressive form this madness takes the shape of bitter parent-rivalry. Try, for instance, telling one Jewish mother that her Benny is less talented than someone else's Sarah—and watch the fur fly! My studio has actually been the scene of contests that almost reached the hair-pulling stage, and surely the mothers were not fighting for the benefit of the youngsters under discussion.

The day after a puff appeared in a Western newspaper about one of my young charges, seventeen mothers appeared at my studio and severally accused me of having engineered it, because of some hold that the child's mother must have over me. Each parent insisted that I knew perfectly well that her child was more entitled to this newspaper space. As a matter of fact, I have never proceeded one step toward publicizing a child. When my Hollywood Baby Orchestra during the course of a year and a half raised more than one hundred thousand dollars for charity, I was happy and satisfied to draw only my regular fee as a teacher, ten dollars a month from each pupil (half of whom did not pay), but there were parents who considered themselves exploited and cheated because the appearances of their children were not paid for.

I have witnessed innumerable incidents serving as indications of the purposes of parents in bringing their youngsters to me for instruction, and they certainly have had nothing to do with "beginning the child's artistic development for its own satisfaction and future happiness."

Psychologists have lately become acutely aware of the possibilities that lie in young children, and the directional stimulus which early training gives them; and it will not be long before regular provision will be made in our educational scheme for the musical instruction of children of pre-school age.

I only hope that, when that time comes, emphasis will be laid upon the importance of equipping these youngsters for their own good and happiness, rather than for their parents' greed and fatuous conceits.

The Editors of The American Spectator, regarding Mr. Hearst's argument for American preparedness in terms of the war horror pictures lately published daily in The New York American, wish to bring to his kind attention the fact that nine-tenths of the aforesaid horror pictures represented European nations who were prepared like all hell.

For Minister to Palestine in 1937: MARTIN CONBOY.

For Minister to the Kingdom of Bhutan in 1937: OGDEN L. MILLS.

For Minister to the Kingdom of Nepal in 1937: IVY LEE.

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A PROTESTANT KID THINKS OF THE REFORMATION

by SEAN O'CASEY

Author, "The Plough and the Stars," "Juno and the Paycock," "Within the Gates"

In the sixteenth century the simple and pure gospel handed down by the apostles was without the least doubt in its last throes, and only to go phut at any minute, which, had it happened, would have meant a calamity that would have deprived us of the great peace, security and freedom that Christians enjoy at the present day. The pope, cardinals, bishops and priests, far from following after goodness and orderly conversation, were riding round everywhere on palfreys, jennets, mules and chargers looking for thrills, and jack-acting in festive season the livelong season, as if they only had a special permit to shake a leg and have a bit of merriment out of life. Blackfriars, whitefriars, purple-hooded monks, crimson-caped priests, mitred abbots, violet-hooded monks, crimson-caped priests, mitred abbots, violet-hooded cardinals were eating the people out of house and home and there wasn't a sign to be seen anywhere that heaven was a penny the better for the taxing and tithing that went on without let or hindrance. Rags, bones and bottles, framed in precious stones, were carried about in holy processions and honored and venerated by the poor mutts of people. The holy synod of cardinals was turning out saints by steam, and there were so many of them that if a man wanted to say: "Pray for me, Saint So-and-So" to each one of them, he would have to keep going for ten hours a day, without a break for breakfast, dinner or tea, and it would take him, according to an unquestionable ecclesiastical authority, three hundred and sixty-five thousand years to get to the end of the litany, so that there was small chance of God getting a look-in in the way of hearing Himself talked about and praised by His people.

It was commonly reported by those who were close up to the inner circle that, if a monk was to be kept from straddling a judy, he had to be shut up in a stone coffin, and let out only under the supervision of a hundred halbardiers while he was having a snack in the first, second and third watches of the day, but as this guardianship of the ladies was too costly and too troublesome, the monks had it all their own way, and there wasn't a boy in the whole wide world who didn't know a cod-piece from the real thing, even when her eyes were shut and her head wandering. And if any man made as much as a murmur, he was hit over the head with an excommunication that sent him headlong tallies down to hell, without the slightest chance throughout all eternity of ever touching the bottom, with the darkness getting worse every foot he fell, and the power to feel them getting stronger every second it took to fall an inch farther, while the poor tumbling soul was flush with the remembrance that the monk was working overtime in an enjoyment that should have been his alone.

So the poor people were worn out trying to think of a change that would bring them a little less of the next world and a little more of this, and they secretly cried to God, and their prayers must have been heard for, during this time or thereabouts, an Augustine monk stuck in the monastery of Wittenburg began to turn over the leaves of the Book of Books, the Bible, anchored to a big-bellied desk with a chain, so that it couldn't be stolen by those who could neither read nor write. And this monk, who was called Luther, read and read till he was nearly blind by sunlight, moonlight, starlight and candlelight, and was greatly astonished at what he read therein, for it wasn't a bit like anything he had ever read himself or had heard read by anyone else. So, reading on and reading ever, he prayed when he was puzzled and reviewed in his mind all that had been written and preached about the heavens and hell, the earth and all that was under the earth, the sea and all that in it was, till he got to know just where he was standing, and found out that there were differences here and there which wouldn't bear investigation and had a dangerous tendency to deceive and corrupt innocent, stupid and simple people, who were anxious to serve God in spirit and in truth to the best of their ability, so long as they could get bread from heaven in a less laborious way and at a reasonable price.

And Luther thumped his breast, saying as he thumped it hard and heavy, am I right or am I wrong? And a voice answered first out of the darkness so still and small that Luther could hardly hear it, and then a voice, so loud and shrill that it nearly burst the drum of his ear, answered out of the light saying together though they spoke at different times—get busy man and teach the truth of the gospel, for out of the teaching and the truth will come swarms of fighting men, beating of drums and blowing of bugles, great guns and ships of war, so that red men, yellow men and black men will become in course of time the white man's lawful God-fearing and most obedient batmen. And Luther rose up refreshed and, after heart-searching and mind-searching and soul-searching, he saw clearly that the one thing the church thought of was laying up gold for a rainy day, which was repugnant to the plain words of Holy Scripture, thereby causing an undue delay to the crowd of souls that squirmed and writhed along in the direction of the jasper gates.

So Luther told the simple people that they'd simply gotta give up obeying rules and regulations and use their own easy judgment about what things to believe and what things to say and what things to do, using the Bible and only the Bible as the general store of knowledge of what was and is and is to come. So the popes and priests opened into full gear of opposition, and they argued with him and fought him and persecuted him and tried in every way to double-cross him, but Luther stood firm to the shock in his smock like a rock and mocked them with many words and laughed in their raging faces, telling them that they'd have to get up early in the morning if they wanted to make him sit still and sing dumb. So he kept thundering out the truth as it came straight from God and the princes and many rich merchants, who lived only for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus and was in Luther, and who scorned to do a wrong thing to their neighbor in business or out of business, rallied and tallied and dallied around the doughty reformer and cheered him up and told him that the Lord was a very present help in time of trouble, and Luther believed and was made strong and hefty in his arguments from that very hour.

Then Luther decided to let things rip and went at it hammer and tongs and made short work of the traffic of indulgences, a gilt-edged superstition that enabled anyone to do anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter, as long as a suitable fee was dropped into the back pocket in the pants of a priest. And the big princes and little princes, margraves and landgraves drew their swords and cheered Luther on, saying go on Martin, old boy, in the name of God, and give them socks and cut the bowels out of them and show them that souls that are pure and minds that are simple have only to skim a few texts from the Bible to know all things and to know how to deal justly with men present and past and to come, and your name will be a banner and a shout and a buckler to generations of popery-purged Protestants as long as the sun should move and the earth stand still. And Luther got excited and showed by miles and miles of documentary evidence that the most secret sayings which puzzled archangels could be easily understood of the veriest babes and sucklings as long as they really wanted to know what was the truth and what wasn't the truth, as it was written of aforetime by the holy apostles and prophets.

But the Devil, anxious about his status, stirred the hearts of the pope and the cardinals and abbotts and abbesses to anger, and they made war on all who were determined to follow the commandments of God in a pure and simple way, and many bloody battles were fought between the followers of God on the one hand and the followers of Satan on the other, so that thousands on both sides were slain in an effort to keep the Christian church from perishing. But Luther, at peace with God and himself, went on purifying and surifying and curifying the Christian faith, so that the red-hatted cardinals looking out of high windows saw the people going by and looking up to see all heaven opened up to them, and the cardinals saw this busy traffic of worship going on night and day, without let or hindrance, and heard the people singing heart to heart honest-to-God hymns, so that the cardinals grew sore afraid and hastened to hide behind the curtains. And the truth spread like lightning and came with a great rush and gush to such as those who had nothing else to do but look for it, so that the people in millions queued up to read the Bible and their kids, while their parents read, swung on the chains that bound the Bibles to the desks, and the lives of the people began to bubble up and bubble over with beauty and a singular blessedness, for their hearts were filled with peace. And it came to pass that the anger of those who had not the truth was kindled against those who had, and a great dispute arose about the word, whence it came and whither it went, so that each fell upon the other in a great fierce fight that has lasted down to this very day. And such as were taken captive by those who had not the truth had their right hands cut off and their noses sliced up and were burned at the stake with their heads up, but those who had the truth showed mercy unto their captives, for they cut off their left hands only, sliced down their noses and burned them at the stake with their heads down, so that they died more quickly.

So the Reformation came to England, bringing with it the Bible and a burning love of truth, love, peace, righteousness and fair-dealing along straight paths and round corners. And England went from power to power, having the finest army in the world and the greatest navy in the world and the biggest budgets in the world, and she conquered many races, taming the wild ones with love and great tact, so that red men and black men and yellow men came and ate out of her hand. But the time came when the people began to horn in on the pleasures to be got from newspapers and football and cinemas and dog-racing, and began to forget their Bible, the secret of their greatness, and the army began to be less than it had been and the navy began to become a clumsy shadow on the high seas and England found it very difficult to make both ends meet, and all because the people had lost their love for and faith in the Book of Books.

But God saw how things were going and, having a great *gra* for England, he has raised up an Ar prophet to warn the people against their terrible dereliction. Not a bearded prophet speaking words of fire and steam, like the old boys of the Bible, but a dainty, elegant young man with a delicate, porcelain passion, named Beverly Nichols, with a voice like the smell of lavender, who reads his message from a Bible in a pale blue shot silk binding. He is hard at it now, pomading the English people with his preaching over the wireless. Go to church he says, instead of lying in bed and reading the Sunday newspapers. Go to church and hear what the prayerbook says, he says, about battles, and you will get to know what war really is (don't bother because there is an open prayerbook on a little rest before the breach of every big gun). Go to church for the good of your brain, he says, and let any would-be journalist, even though he wants to be a crime reporter, yea, let him read the Bible, if he wants to do his work in style. Go to church, he says, if you want to be a better citizen, for the church, he says, will show you how to vote and how to judge current affairs, he says. If you go, he says, to church and afterwards take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the earth, even there God's hand will lead you and His right hand shall hold you.

He that hath ears to hear let him hear what Beverly Nichols saith about the churches.

For Ambassador to Germany in 1937, if still alive: JOHN DILLINGER.

THE WHITE MAN CHANGES HIS MIND

by ERIC HOWARD

WHEN, years ago, white traders established trading posts on the Navajo Indian Reservation, they found the Indian women weaving beautiful, well-designed rugs and blankets, using native vegetable dyes. Having no appreciation of this excellent artistry and craftsmanship, and with one eye ever on the main chance, the traders laid in a stock of commercial dyes—of violent and awful hues—and urged the weavers to use them. As purchasers, they held the whip hand and, by virtue of economic pressure, compelled the Indians to produce barbarous and ugly blankets. Beauty was lost, and with it pride in craftsmanship.

Now the white man is urging the weavers to use the old, beautiful designs and to return to vegetable dyes.

The white man changes his mind. . .

Some years ago, emissaries of the Indian Bureau and of various organizations supposedly interested in Indian welfare urged the Navajos to acquire flocks of goats. "Get goats!" was the cry heard on every side.

Now, with erosion threatening to destroy the feed on an over-stocked and over-grazed range, the white man advises the Indian to get rid of his goats—goats he would never have had, in any considerable number, if the white man had not forced him to acquire them.

The white man changes his mind. . .

When the boarding schools were established on the Navajo Reservation, tribal funds were used freely to erect school buildings, dormitories and mess halls, where unsuitable and useless education was thrust upon frightened children by usually incompetent teachers. Children were rounded up for these schools, taken from their homes, and alienated from their people.

Today, the tendency is to establish small day schools in all parts of the Reservation, in order that Indian children may live with their parents.

The white man changes his mind. . .

A competent government engineer, some twenty years ago, made a thorough investigation of the possibilities of developing water in Navajoland. His published report is a masterpiece of engineering thoroughness, and his recommendations, had they been followed, would have produced excellent results. The report was shelved, and water development was limited to the digging of a few wells, the erection of a few windmills which neglect soon ruined, and the enlarging of a few springs.

Now, when the need for water is pressing and a wholesale public works program is inspiring activity of this kind, the Indian Bureau suddenly realizes that it must do something to increase the water supply and to save the range from erosion.

The white man changes his mind. . .

For many years the Indian Bureau frowned upon the dances and ceremonies practised by the Indians in their religious worship, and attempted, unsuccessfully, to put an end to such heathenish rites. White missionaries were given many privileges on the Reservation, including the privilege of robbing and insulting the Indians. The white man was ordained to bring the Indians to a worship of the one true God, although they had ardently worshipped adequate deities for centuries.

Now, for the duration of the present administration, at least, missionaries have lost their influence and power; and the tendency is to allow Indians to worship in their own way and to develop along the lines of their own cultural tradition.

The white man changes his mind. . .

During the glorious days of Herbert the Great, the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs announced that the Navajos were to be quickly prepared for citizenship and for taking their places as workmen in the white man's world. Within twenty or twenty-five years, after the Indians had been thus quickly made over into white men, by means of intensive education, they were to leave the Reservation; it was to be thrown open to entry as homestead land; and the Indians were to be absorbed in the white population of towns and cities. Universal unemployment and the general breakdown of industry put an end to this fantastic plan of re-making a people in a generation.

Today the plan is to allow the Navajos to remain on their Reservation as shepherds, farmers, stockmen and weavers; and to help them make their land more productive.

The white man changes his mind. . .

The worst of it is that he changes it, on an average, every four years. To a Navajo who has lived through a number of these changes, everything that comes from "Washingdon" is "do-yah-shon" (no good) or "do-hal-yon" (crazy). Today the white man says, "Do this!" Tomorrow he will say, "Do that!"

Fortunately for the Navajo, he has long since learned to discount everything a white man says. Promises are given to be broken; plans are made to be changed. The white man is crazy, anyway. With a smile of pity and of scorn, and with a commendable control of his true feelings, the Navajo shrugs away the latest "Washingdon" nonsense and follows his own path, which is to him a trail of wisdom, beauty and happiness. His path, at least, is straight; whereas the white man pursues a course as devious and directionless as a rudderless ship in the hands of an unskilled navigator.

The white man changes his mind. . . And every time he changes it, he is sure he is right. His arrogant assurance, no less than his changeability, has destroyed forever any respect the Indian may have had for him.

SAMOVAR

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

A WELL-DRESSED man is out for an afternoon walk. He is walking in a rather fashionable section of town. As he passes a house, stone steps going up to heavy doors, a car stops and a young woman springs out.

She is a warm one. She is tall and slender. She is young. She is dressed in furs. She is smoking a cigarette.

The well-dressed man stops to look at her, having himself a wish-look—and a bum also stops. The bum is a man of forty, getting fat, with the unhealthy fatness of the man who eats nothing but bread. He has a week-old beard. He wears a greasy, shabby-looking overcoat. He is a man who, at one time in his life, was a college professor. He was in the English Department. He drank too much. He got into a mix-up with another professor's wife.

The young woman on the steps turns and sees the two men looking up at her. She smiles. She throws her cigarette over their heads to the pavement and goes into the house. The bum runs and snatches the cigarette. The well-dressed man stares at him.

Bum: "So you saw that. You saw her smile. You saw her throw it. I got it. Ha!"

(*He puts the cigarette to his lips, rather daintily.*)

Bum: (*with a sigh of pleasure*) "Ah!"

Well-dressed Man: (*startled*) "You mean?"

Bum: "Yes. I mean that. You saw her. You saw her sea-green eyes. You saw her shoulders. The whiteness of her skin. Once I might have . . . the time is gone for that."

Well-dressed Man: "You mean?"

Bum (*taking another dainty puff*) "It has just left her lips. It is warm yet."

(*The bum throws back his head and contemplates the smoking cigarette, a look of ecstasy in his watery eyes.*)

Bum: "See, I touch my lips to it. There is a kiss-thought."

Well-dressed Man: (*indignant*) "I think that is going pretty far. I think that's a sandy."

Bum: (*coming up closer to him*) "Ah, fool. I saw the look in your eyes. It's more than you'll ever have from her. She was young. She was rich, Ah, what delicate skin."

(*He laughs.*)

"Ah, the warm, the young, the rich, the useless. They could be so useful I always loved them.

(*He grows angry—speaks fiercely.*)

"I was made for it. If I could get at her, into the house there, I'd fix her. I'd make her submit. She'd like it. But no. It's gone. The time for it is gone. I have only this, it touched her lips. When I got it, it was still warm. A kiss."

Well-dressed Man: (*disgusted*) "Cut it out. You are on the queer side."

Bum: (*laughing. He holds the cigarette*) "See, it's almost gone. Give me a fresh one. Give me a quarter."

Well-dressed Man: "I'll give you nothing. You disgust me. You are on the queer side."

Bum: (*laughing . . . moving off, muttering, taking occasional drags from the cigarette*) "Queer. I'm on the queer side. Sure. I was what I was. I am what I am. I live in my place and time. I'm on the queer side, on the queer side. Life's on the queer now, life's on the queer side."

(*He goes off along the street, muttering, clinging to the decreasing butt of the cigarette.*)

BOYD DIGESTS THE BOOKS

"OUR Master's Voice: Advertising." (*James Rorty.*) New York: The John Day Company. $3.00—Translating Veblenese into English and applying it to the facts of commercial life, Mr. Rorty has written the ad-man's epic and the indictment of a nation. The orotund, but not too intelligent Mr. Edmund Burke, I believe, once said that you cannot indict a nation. He also thought the French Revolution was a deplorable personal insult to Marie Antoinette. Be that as it may. As one who holds that you *can* indict a nation, and that the woes of the French queen were relative, I feel that Mr. Rorty has done a superb job. He incidentally exposes all the specific evils of dishonest advertising, but is more concerned with the appalling effect of the advertising industry upon the morale and mentality of the American people. His hundred million guinea pigs are not merely the victims of swindlers, they are the victims of perfectly honest men who are themselves incapable of realizing the atrociousness of their method. They are not even victims, because they relish the poison administered to them. Mr. Rorty analyses that poison and describes the effects of the advertising potion on its addicts. As an advertising man, he speaks with the voice of authority, and his book becomes a document essential to an understanding of the American people. The only phase of the subject which he omits is the drastically debasing effect of advertising-English on the language spoken by Americans. Perhaps the reason is that his own style only too frequently proves that he is a good writer of "snappy" advertising copy.

"Prodigal Days." (*Evelyn Nesbit.*) New York: Julian Messner. $2.50—It is usual with works of this kind to indulge in portentous innuendo to the effect that a ghost-writer has done the usual combination of whitewashing and melodrama. Here the Harry Thaw-Stanford White story is told as a chapter from the life of an era. It is surprisingly matter-of-fact and modern where lurid pathos might have been expected. It is full of conscious and unconscious humor, and presents an authentic picture of New York at the end of the Nineties and the beginning of this century. Miss Nesbit disposes very neatly of the theory that "vice is a monster of so frightful mien," by demonstrating that there are vices and vices. In its field this is the most illuminating American autobiography since "The Education of Henry Adams." It explains a lot more than it tells.

"Escape from the Soviets." (*Tatiana Tchernavin.*) New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50—A very human and often moving narrative of suffering, horror, and eventual escape from the U.S.S.R. Interesting in itself as a personal document, it has become even more interesting by reason of the hysterical excitement of its reception by the reviewers. Like the above-mentioned Edmund Burke, Madame Tchernavin and her admiring reviewers are unable to recognize the fact that revolutions are not conducted with kid gloves on, that revolutionary authorities are, like most authorities, stupid, brutal, and on occasion, cruel, and that these facts have no bearing upon the actual achievements of any given revolution. No revolution ever accomplishes its ostensible purpose, but all revolutions effect definite changes—sometimes for the better.

"Character 'Bad': The Story of a Conscientious Objector." (*Harold Studley Gray.*) New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00—In direct support of some of the above contentions comes this story of the treatment by the United States military authorities of a C.O., who refused all possible alternatives to military service. It has aways been my view that the bravery, tenacity and courage of militant pacifists are a waste of time, inasmuch as they are at the mercy of soldiers, who have by definition no interest in bravery, tenacity and courage. What passes for these virtues in any army is a very synthetic substitute, known as discipline, loyalty, and *esprit de corps*. Civilians, for the most part, having neither those real virtues, nor their military substitute, are often even crueller in their attitude toward the C.O. Mr. Gray took Christ seriously and tried to live up to His ideals. He was abominably treated and "dishonorably" discharged from the army of the United States. He feels that American democracy is as unsatisfactory as Soviet Russia seemed to Mme. Tchernavin.

"Alice James: Her Brothers—Her Journal." (*Anna Robeson Burr.*) New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50—After Mr. Warren's book on the elder Henry James comes further information about another member of that interesting family. Alice James was very definitely her father's daughter and, like her famous brothers, a tribute to an intelligent father. She was an invalid and never had an opportunity to realize her own possibilities, whether as a woman or a writer, or both. She referred to herself as a "flaccid virgin," which was hardly ladylike in 1889, and she actually provoked the Anglomaniac Henry into admitting that everything British was not perfect, while also reminding him of the existence of the working classes—people with whom he did not care to mix.

"The Life of Our Lord." (*Charles Dickens.*) New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.75—Even Dickens himself could not stand the idea of publishing this one. But Dr. William Lyon Phelps thinks it's too sweet for words.

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MOB WITH A MOTIVE

by ASHLEY PETTIS

THE average visitor to New York carries away an impression of the greatness of buildings and masses; of individuals dwarfed by towers, physically and spiritually.

The paradox of Russia is that, though one is impressed with the seething of masses, these masses are composed of individuals whose spirit rises above buildings and the physical power of mobs. The mob is glorified by the spirit of the individual.

Moscow, which in a short space of time has grown from a city of 1,500,000 to a vast community variously estimated at from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 people, is the symbol of new Russia. In the shadow of the Kremlin, living citadel of the past, lies the modernistic mausoleum of Lenin, emblem of Russia's new inspiration.

My impression of Moscow was, first and last, crowds—crowds—crowds. Crowds in the form of columns of soldiers marching; crowds filing through the sepulchre of Lenin—reverently—with profound homage; crowds at the opera; crowds at concerts; crowds in the schools, in classrooms, in corridors, on the streets. Everywhere grave faces—faces—faces.

My first impression of crowds came with stupendous force—assailing my ears, not my eyes—thousands of soldiers, singing as only masses of Russians can sing, passing the Grand Hotel in the early morning; intense, grave soldiers, "eyes front"; providing their own music for the march, rhythmical and overwhelmingly vital.

The unforeseen rapidity of the growth of the population of Moscow has resulted in a seemingly hopeless congestion of all transportation facilities. Trams are always crowded, entrance being from the rear. The front of the car is kept clear for passengers alighting, or for the occasional entrance of cripples and pregnant women. Whether, in case of an extremely crowded car, some people have sufficient presence of mind and practical humor to imitate cripples, and thus board the car without bucking the crowd, is not known. But a woman, laden with packages, has been seen to place her bundles strategically under her cloak, and travel in comparative comfort on the uncrowded front of the car. Even humor seems to have a relation to life under Communism. The most unconcerned individual on the cars appears to be the conductor, who makes no attempt to circulate among the passengers for the collection of fares, but retains his or her seat with the utmost tranquillity, while fares and receipts for fares are passed, sometimes the full length of the car, back and forth, through the hands of many passengers. One conductor, with typical Russian intensity and gravity, sat, in the midst of fearful crowding, calmly reading a scientific treatise.

One expects crowds in public places, but, knowing American shops, not in book stores. I have never seen so many book stores, nor people standing in line to buy books, as in Moscow. Obviously these books are not bought for their bindings, since practically all have paper covers.

The opera, theatre, concert halls; always crowded! I stood in line for half an hour for seats to a new ballet, only to have the ticket window closed almost in my face. "Sold out!"

A performance of Tchaikovski's "Pique Dame"—the old operas are in great favor—at the Bolshoi Opera. It was an amazing sight to witness such a splendid performance for people the greater number of whom were in working clothes, occupying orchestra, box and loge seats where formerly only nobility and the aristocrats sat.

A concert at the High School of Music, formerly the great Imperial Conservatory. Another full house. Was it something new? An old name, Beethoven; but they were listening to old music with a new spirit, and not only applauding, but cheering when it was over. Beethoven, the man whose music, from the Communistic point of view, was a protest against the social and political conditions of his time.

Another evening at the High School of Music; this time to hear an act from the new proletarian opera, "1919," by Davedenko. Present were workers, musicians, critics, newspaper men; every seat taken, and many standees. There was such intensity and vital interest on the faces of both performers and audience that the only adequate method of reporting the occasion would be by means of moving pictures and synchronized sound, with "close-ups" of spectators and singers.

The Russian, under the new rule, continues to be serious. He is waging a war, and people waging war have been known to be serious. He has thrown off his shackles, but not his gravity. If some of our leading exponents of the wisecrack were to penetrate into Russia, they would find their witticisms falling on unappreciative and misunderstanding ears.

Walter Duranty, whose news dispatches concerning Russia have told the world so vividly the unprejudiced truth of what is going on there, related a story connected with Will Rogers' visit to Russia a few years ago, which exemplified this aspect of the Russian mind. Rogers was desirous of meeting Trotzky, so Duranty endeavored to arrange a meeting through one of the high press officials in Moscow. This official wanted to know "who Will Rogers was," and Duranty did his best to explain that he was an American humorist, who held a unique position in America, and that in spite of his being a humorist his comment on current events frequently had an underlying tone of significance. After Duranty had made this explanation, the official replied: "What does he expect Trotzky to do, make faces"?

The genuine Communist is so imbued with his own point of view that all the events of the day are seen from an angle difficult to comprehend by the non-Communist mind. In Moscow I met a young English Communist, who is taking a four year course in a Government technical school studying sound film production. Had this young man remained in London, he would probably be an unemployed brick-layer like his father, and his gratitude to the Soviet social order knows no bounds. In the course of our conversation, he, in all seriousness, declared that the comedians, the Marx Brothers, are, wittingly or unwittingly, propagandists for the new Soviet social order. He saw an analogy in the fact of their name being the same as that of the great philosopher Marx, the founder of the principles of Communism, and a special significance in their humorous antics in poking fun at social conventions. Probably the Marx Brothers themselves would be more astonished than I was at the enormous significance attached to their clowning.

But I did not understand fully the furious zeal which actuates the thoughts and governs the actions of the Communist, nor realize the significant difference between the Communistic mind and those who merely conform to the new social order of Soviet Russia, until I met the distinguished Russian music critic, Tchemodanoff. One of his works, "History of Music in Connection with the History of Social Life," is an attempt to use Marxian methods in the analysis of musical history.

In our conversation I mentioned that Russia under the Soviet system is a living, practical application of the ideas expressed so beautifully by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his poem, "The Chambered Nautilus." He asked me to write out the full quotation, beginning, "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul," etc. I did so, and as he read and studied the quotation he turned to me and with fiery words declared such language was only for bourgeoisie, and had no relation whatsoever to Communistic principles, or to the social construction which is an integral part of the Communistic order. He objected particularly to the words "soul," "temple," and "heaven." Such words, through being wrongly used and misconstrued for centuries, are purely idealistic and have no place in a world of reality such as Soviet Russia.

Thereupon he launched into a fifteen minute lecture on the history of humanity, tracing the various periods in the history of the social order, from the time when man fought with his neighbor, who was his enemy, and, when the battle was won, devoured him, to the next step, when man fought with his enemy, and when he had won, enslaved him, etc., etc., down to the present social order in Russia, which he declared to be not an experiment but an inevitable change in the march of events. To listen to him, it all sounded as inevitable and logical as "the house that Jack built."

But word pictures of Soviet Russia are apt to be more words than pictures. To one who made more than a Cook's tour of Soviet land, there were revealed certain fundamentals of social, economic and artistic life in that much discussed country, but which in memory take form as pictures of masses, composed of individuals with enormous vitality, determination and hope, finding outlet for their new spirit, not only in work, but in many forms of expression, the most vital of which seems to be music. The final confirmation of this impression reached me in Berlin, just after my return from Moscow, when I listened to a broadcast of the celebration of the revolution, from the Red Square in Moscow. Again, as at first, sounds assailed my ears: the sounds of vast masses reverberating through the ether, raucous voices haranguing, the shouts of individuals, and the bells of the Kremlin, all mingling in chaotic cacophony. These sounds were gradually dispelled by the magnificent singing of vast crowds, to the accompaniment of great orchestras.

Masses—mobs—but with a motive!

Reading in Leon F. Whitney's "The Case For Sterilization" that last year only twelve persons were sterilized in Mississippi and only 8,504 in California, the Editors of The American Spectator draw most depressing conclusions as to the future of their beloved Fatherland.

PANTHERS' PLEASURE

by JEAN STARK

GUSTAVA POLZHANYI. Ah, *there* was a woman for you, the old guard said. A long, scarlet thread of a mouth. Red hair. Skin like milk. Fifty adders at the tip of her tongue and when they spoke, bald men, hearing, asserted it was enough to make hair grow on their heads.

When other women wore skirts to the pavement, Gustava showed legs rippling sweetly up from stems of ankles. When others cut off their hair, she wore hers in long shining bands wound somberly around her head. When her rival, Erika Somessri, appeared in a new play, Gustava sent flowers, attended, laughed in the right places and wound up the evening neatly by stealing Willy. His lines were *so* amusing, she said.

Willy never had more than twenty-five lines in any play in any year because he had a bad heart. More of such exciting work might kill him and, if his part were small, a substitute could take his place on short notice. His delivery was so droll that he was extremely popular. Off-stage he was slim, small-boned, retreating to corners if more than five people inhabited a room. Gustava's ardent attentions afflicted him with a delightful paralysis. Soon he found himself carrying her melancholy brown sausage of a dog, her long-lashed and imbecilic satin dolls. He found himself carrying Gustava's choicest insults to her irate cook. He read her musical comedies, hating the ones she liked, whereas she threw him out of her house frequently for the ones he approved.

"It's bound to end evilly," he confided to Erika, remembering the past. One of Gustava's suitors had thrown himself into a lake; somebody fished him out as an afterthought and a bit late at that. Another threatened to join the Foreign Legion but a midnight encounter with a thug ended all that. A third sued her for heart balm, and the fourth left her after a deal of sultry scandal. Being a critic, with more mind than discretion, he wrote that she still danced divinely, her acting was still something to commend, but any washwoman could sing better . . . whereas Erika Somessri was perfect every way. Gustava went to his office and, without so much as remarking that it was a nice day, shot him carelessly between his first and second ribs. Like a gentleman, he assumed the blame, but afterward went to Vienna when she starred in a new piece.

Gustava told Willy she adored men who knew what they wanted. If you wished life to be wonderful, you had to reach out and take what you wanted . . . just the way she had taken him away from Erika. She loved him more thrillingly than Erika could ever love him! This startled Willy so that he had to speak to Erika that very night between the acts. He wouldn't presume, he said, except that Gustava seemed to think—mistakenly, of course—that Erika adored him. . . .

"Naturally, you goose," Erika replied, kissing him much more thrillingly than Gustava ever could.

This induced a marvelous ague in Willy. Nothing in his life had prepared him for the loves of two dazzling women. It was enough to unnerve a lion among men, let alone a thin fellow with twenty-five lines per annum. It was incredibly shocking.

"It's simply savage," he told Erika. "Why didn't you let me know? I mean—couldn't you have protected me from all this? I—well, the truth of the matter is that she made me feel so indispensable that I'm afraid . . . in fact, I *know* I asked her to marry me!"

"That's quite all right," Erika assured him. "So she's told you she likes men who know what they want? We shall oblige her!" Laughter struck through her sea-blue eyes and Willy shuddered, thinking how closely he had come to missing their fire forever. It was simply frightful the way one actress could leave you limp as an old wienerwurst in daily expectation of disaster while another, in a few moments, could make your breast a rock of fortitude. Erika was a goddess. It was extremely silly of her to love a nincompoop like himself, but if ever she stopped, he would die.

Gustava soon created another scene. Her hair flaming over her purple velvet gown, she paraded before Willy in her drawing-room, haranguing superbly, leaving him high and dry on the bumble-bees embroidered on her satin couch.

She had met a man, she said. Architect. People had been known to remark that he was in love with Erika. Ferenc Somebody-or-other. Erika, people said, was mad about him. It couldn't be. It was absurd. He had the dizzy proclivities of a mountain-climbing goat.

"Willy, dearest, what do you think about women's bones?"

"Bones?" he repeated hazily. After many months of Gustava's idiosyncracies, her sudden shifts of thought, she could still make his mind close up clammily.

"This Ferenc says that women's bones are beautiful but their curves are not. Isn't he astounding? . . . He says that young boys have true beauty but that young girls are faintly obscene! . . . I tell you, the man's vicious! He says Nature herself promises curves but all we get for our staring is more plains than hills or valleys. Is he something to be buried alive or am I too anti-social?"

Willy chose to be prudent:

"He sounds rather interesting. But don't let him fall in love with you. It might be very hard on poor Erika, you know."

Gustava scarcely heard him. Emerald points flicked her eyes and while she walked back more serenely to her couch and to him, he knew that her toes touched silently, securely, like a panther's, on mysterious and delightful errand.

Willy knew it was the end. Gustava's sending for him in such imperious manner meant certainly that she was about to dismiss him forever in favor of Ferenc. After weeks of ordering her about like a slave, Ferenc was a complete ruin, Willy was sure, but he was still holding up nobly for Erika's sake. Now Gustava's famed hair stood on end. Exhaustion sharpened her face.

"Willy," she began disagreeably, noting his spats, his cane, his impeccable grooming, "you are positively effete. I have something important to say to you. Come here and sit down." A moment later, "I went to a wrestling match with Ferenc tonight. Marvelous. Kiss me, Willy."

He complied, thinking how strong, how hard, were her arms. Her eyes looked fiercely into his:

"Willy, my dearest, I shall never let you go. Never. I know you have been worried, but it is only you I love. Ferenc is simply a large, athletic ogre. I shall let Erika have him. But today he gave me an idea. . . . Willy, you and I shall takes lessons in wrestling. It will do wonders for you. We can wrestle privately all over this big house. It ought to increase the circumference of your neck by at least three inches. Why, Willy, What—?"

Willy's heart pounded mortally in his ear drums. He felt a moment's lucid gratitude for this unbelievable pain. It was the only way to escape forever these panthers' pleasure. . . . Erika, inscrutably amused, waiting to pounce on him to drag him back, and Gustava, scarcely able to wait until tomorrow to learn how to twirl him around her shoulders ten times and then throw him, head on, straight through the mirror over her mantel. "Flying Mare," the trick was called. It was bound to do something to a man's neck.

"Willy! *Speak to me!*"

He never answered. For once in his life he was master of a very trying situation. He just simply died on a very flippant couch.

THE MEADVILLE HOME FOR UNMARRIED FATHERS

by S. T. STEVENS

THE Meadville Home for Unmarried Fathers stands on a sunny knoll within a large park in Westchester. Although a high wall surrounds the grounds it is more in the nature of a protection from curious sightseers than as a restraint upon the inmates who are glad to remain in this quiet retreat, where they and their babies can lead wholesome lives far from the clamor, excitement and temptations that caused their downfall. This event, by the way, is referred to in the Home as their Mistake, and never for a moment is it suggested that these unfortunate young men are ruined or their children in any way different from those of respectably wedded parents.

In fact, one of the main objects of the Home is to restore self-respect to these youths—some of them mere boys!—and enable them once more to take their places in the outside world, heads held high, and spirits aflame with a will to succeed. They are encouraged to acknowledge their babies quite openly and bring them forth when they emerge from their seclusion. But should they find it too difficult securing decent and remunerative work with infants on their hands, the fathers are allowed to leave their children for a period of one year in the expert protection of the Home, provided that they visit Meadville each Sunday and assume entire charge of their babies on those days.

The Superintendent, Mr. Harold Simpkins, is a fresh-faced, sympathetic man of middle age, who enjoys the affection and esteem of all the Meadville "guests." These young men look up to him as to an older brother who thinks only of their good and who, by his superior wisdom and educational opportunities, has successfully avoided the pitfalls that trapped their own unwary steps.

Mr. Simpkins has as assistants four sturdy, amiable lads who, having honorably completed courses in the best children's hospital in the vicinity, are able to instruct the young fathers in the proper care of their babies and relieve them of this care during such time as they are attending classes in adult as well as infant education. These classes are conducted by well-known lecturers who adopt no haughty tone of moral superiority, but in simple and direct language impart such information to their eager young listeners as will equip them to deal more adequately with the situations they are certain to meet once they go forth again into the world.

There are resident in the Home several teachers of industrial occupations and branches of social service, enabling the unwed Fathers to learn various ways of supporting themselves and their babies and endowing them with effective weapons against unscrupulous females who are ever ready to attack defenseless males with equally defenseless infants on the ground that, alone, they are incapable of caring for themselves and their offspring.

Broad-minded as is the policy of Meadville, it is no part of the program to instill in the minds and hearts of these betrayed youths either horror or hatred of women. In fact, on several occasions, with the help of Mr. Simpkins, marriages have been arranged with the mothers of their children—never, though, on grounds of expediency or of social rehabilitation. Mr. Simpkins impresses on his charges the sacredness of matrimony and assures them that where love is not, marriage can result only in failure. Sometimes (rarely, however) it is discovered that a real affection exists between the two parents. In these cases, Mr. Simpkins spares no effort to bring them together and give the child a mother.

Since Meadville is the only institution of its kind in this part of the country, any second or third offenders would necessarily be found in the same Home—and it speaks highly for the regenerative and instructive powers of Mr. Simpkins and his aides that, in the history of his supervision, there have been only three incorrigibles. One of these, George B., thirty years old, is at present at Meadville with eleven children of assorted ages and sexes, the latest Mistake being a boy of three weeks. George B. has had the benefit of the same moral and clinical tuition as the others and yet each time he has been discharged he has fallen easy prey to the first predatory girl he has met, and this unwieldy family is the result of his congenital inability to say "no" and a certain slow-wittedness that leads him to act first and recall instructions later—much later.

Of the more usual cases that of Jerome S. is an example. Jerome was a good boy. He had done well at school and, as he grew older, was a comfort to his mother and father. They were inordinately proud of their handsome son and thought it no more than his due that he should in time secure a position as chauffeur with a family living on Park Avenue near 71st Street. "Now all will be well with our boy," they said. And yet it was but a short year later that a policeman dragged the half-drowned Jerome from the lake in Central Park. When he regained consciousness he cursed his savior. "Let me die," he moaned. Life held nothing for him but dishonor, misery and ultimate starvation.

A scout from the Meadville Home was called and took the case in hand at once. He learned Jerome's baby would be born at almost any moment, but the boy stubbornly and loyally refused to divulge the name of the woman who had thus blighted his life. The scout, however, was one of Mr. Simpkins' best trained men and soon had found the name and address of Jerome's former employers. At their mansion he discovered that the daughter of the family was at York House. He went there, secured an interview with her, upbraided her with her guilt in thus betraying a simple lad of less sophisticated breeding. She denied nothing, told the scout that the baby was already two days old, and agreed quite readily to part with it.

The next day Meadville opened its arms to the sobbing Jerome and his tiny daughter. In a few months he had learned to wash, feed, clothe, amuse, and educate his baby and has now bought his own taxi cab, which he drives in New York with Angeline in a basket beside him. Since his passengers are invariably interested in Angeline, his tips probably exceed those of most drivers and he earns an excellent living. He is his old cheery self, has regained his temporarily faded good-looks, and has the added assurance of the person who has Conquered.

There are hundreds of such cases as Jerome's to testify to the sterling worth of the Meadville Home for Unmarried Fathers. That there is a crying need for such help as it gives is all too evident, but one has only to go there and see the pleasant rooms filled with serious yet happy young men and their pretty, healthy babies to realize that no man or boy who has made a Mistake need ever despair.

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